



blue. For Jane - it's full of puff, and she makes it ver - y rough, For the

lodg - ers and the land - lord too, It's Oom - pah! Oom - pah!

up and down the stairs, It's Oom - pah, all the day, For

ev - ry - where we go she gives a - way the show, With the

Oom - pah - Oom - pah dey. It's dey.

JP


# THE OOMPANH

The Comic Success

SUNG BY  
MISS  
ADA LEWIS

IN  
MAY IRWIN'S  
COURTED INTO COURT

PUBLISHED  
By PERMISSION  
M. WITMARK & SONS  
NEW YORK,  
CHICAGO  
SAN FRANCISCO.



CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND FOLD.

THE UPPER HALF OF THE PAGE WILL MAKE A SONG BOOK, AND THE LOWER HALF A CHILDREN'S BOOK.

## The Giant Who Loved Picnic Pie.

"Kate," said Harry one night, when he was getting ready for bed, "do you know much about giants?"

"Sure, I know all about them," answered she, with a confident laugh. "Now, hurry, dear, an' undress an' I'll tell ye the lovely story of the giant Shlanatha an' why it niver rains on picnic days at Kilcomin."

Harry began tearing away at his shoes, to unbutton them, and Kate began:

"The people of Kilcomin are forever goin' on picnics, an' at the time I'm tellin' ye of there was sorra a picnic party that didn't get a wettin'. The skies'd be as blue as they liver are in Ireland, an' that's as blue as grane is grane, an' they'd be that light hearted they'd lep over the ground without their feet touchin' at all."

"I've done that in dreams," said Harry. "It's bully."

"But before they'd be one-half ready to go home, the black clouds 'd come an' they'd be as wet as the rat that taught swimmin'. Well, they was gretly put to it to find out why this was happenin' all the while, an' at last Terry Meara asked a banshee of his acquaintance the why of the thing, an' sure it was all caused by the giant of the county. You know, in Ireland there do be a gret many counties, an' there do be a giant for aich county, only he's invisible exceptin' to a child that has never done wrong, an' likewise he'll not hear what's said only from such a child. Well, this giant was angered because the picnic parties did not lave anny lavin's for him to eat. These giants do be very greedy and not satisfied with their natural food, which is all sorts of colored sunset clouds, an' they must be havin' cake an' tarts an' the like o' that. So this ould giant would watch till he saw a lot of picnickers settin' out gayly to the woods, an' then, niver mind how clear the day nor how far away it was to where there was anny clouds, he'd set off an' get a big bunch o' them an' stuff them into his leather bag like a lot o' ducks ye'd be carryin' to market in a bag too small for them, an' then he'd walk back, hundreds of miles sometimes, an' turn the bag upside down an' dump the clouds out an' punch a hole in them the way they would rain, an' then the picnickers would say, 'Ow! 'tis beginnin' to rain, as usual, an' at that, 'though he couldn't hear what they'd say, he cud till be th' expression o' them they wasn't pleased, an' he'd roar wid laughter an' thin they'd say, 'Oh, glory upon us, 'tis thunderin'!' an' they'd be drinched till the skin."

"Well, of course, whin they found out that it was their own fault, as you might say, they sought out to find a youngster that was good enough to make himself heard by the giant, an' sorra one could they find, for the Kilcomin boys are bad an' the girls are worse."

"Well, what did they do?" said Harry, eagerly, as he hopped into bed.

"Well, at last they found a young fellow that was not quite bright, an' anyway he had not lived in Kilcomin very long, an' they told him what to tell the giant, an' the boy went to the woods an' he climbs up a high tree an' he calls out, 'Cardtherer Bardtherer Shlanatha,' which was the name of the giant, an' in a minute he gets an answer like thunder. 'What is it?' says the giant. 'If ye'll be so kind an' condescendin' not to make 't rain on the days we do have picnics, they'll make ye a cake as big as the roof of St. Patrick's, wid raisins as big as cobble stones.' 'An' whin'll it be ready?' 'To-morret,' says the boy. 'All right, but if ye decave me I'll t'row hailstones at all the windows in Kilcomin.'

"Well, the next day ivry one fell to an' made a cake an' sit out in the rain wid a big rubber cloth on the cake, an' it on a dozen carts, drawn be fifty cart horses as strong as bulls an' as stiddy as cats. Whin they got to the woods the little fellow called as before an' Shlanatha looks down an' he sees the cake an' he draws a long breath an' thin he blows the clouds clear over to Sligo an' left the sky as blue as a granehorn. An' thin he stoops down, an' of course no wan saw him only the little boy, but the cake went up in the air all of a suddint like a big balloon, an' they watched it until they could see it no more, an' that's because it was eat, an' they fell to dancin' an' singin' fer the joy that was in thim, an' from thin until now picnic days do be clear in Kilcomin."

"And do they give the giant cake any more?"

"They do that; once a year. An' now it's strinkin' 8; so good night, dearie."

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

SHLANATHA  
DISCOVERS  
A PIC-NICNUT EVEN A  
TART LEFTRAINING ON THE PICNICKERS  
FOR REVENGE.

# W. Rabbit His Book for Boys AND Girls.

